DECATUR DAILY REVIEW.

VOLUME VI. DECATUR, ILL., THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 14, 1878. NUMBER 73.

DAILY REVIEW

WM. H. BAYNE, Editor and Publisher.

OFFICE SOUTH SIDE OLD SQUARE, 2D FLOOR.

THE "CIPHERS."

The radical press of the country made a great show of honesty just before the late election by the so-called exposure of cipher dispatches, and denunciation of the same. We do not know whether the ciphers are genuine or bogus. To believe they were genuine, it will require more than mere assertions. The party, or men, who can manufacture returns, affidavits, and corruptly control returning boards, can as corruptly manufacture and publie bogus "ciphers" to serve their purposes. But whether bogus or genuine, the democracy in congress should investigate the matter, no matter where the verdict falls. If the agents of Mr. Tilden have in any way compromised the democracy by attempted corruption or frauds, the party should purge itself of all such offal. We do not think this is true, but the question has been raised, and the great democratic party of the nation, the party that held the confidence of a large majority of the voters in 1876, owes it to itself, and to its individual members, that no such slanders be traced to it with any reasonable grounds for truth. It is corruption in the republican party that is proving its ruin. The democratic party will ask the confidence of the people in 1880 to properly rebuke this corruption, and wherever there is an opportunity, they should ferret it out, no matter who suffers.

But some one will say, how about the alleged frauds of last election day in this city? Would you stir up strife among our own people? Would you get our own people into court, and perhaps into jail, for what is known to have been practiced here for years? Why not? If Boss Tweed was a rascal and a thief, it was right that he should be punished. If a burglar enters your dwelling and takes your money, he should be punished. If the hired assassin strikes down your neighbor, he should be punished. For these violations of the law, there is never an inquiry as to where the blow falls. We denounce the cipher dispatches, and any attempts to corrupt the citizen, the official, or the voter, no difference in what party found.

The Danville News wants to see R. J. Oglesby re-elected United States senator.

We have taken occasion to call the attention of our readers in the past to the disorganizing influence of the New York Advocate, an avowed greenback paper, circulated at a nominal cost, edited by one Shupe. Now Shupe professes to be an advocate of John Sherman's policy of resumption. This only shows what has long been believed, that the Advocate has been run with administration money.

"Down in Edgar county the Republicans were "hoist by their own petard" at the late election. The Republican leaders went in with a rush for the temperance movement, expecting they would sweep the country by mounting the cold water wave. The result of this silly piece of strategy was that the democrats carried the county by majorities ranging from three hundred to six hundred. The Republican truncheon flourishers there now look sick.

The most blatant flatist in the present congress, "Pig Iron Kelley," was re-elected to congress from the fourth Pennsylvania district by a majority one hundred and forty-one times greater than that of any other candidate in the state. Judge Kelley was elected by greenback republicans exclusively. He is a fine specimen of the hard money proclivities of the republican party.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Stevenson's majorities in the thirteenth district are as follows:

McLean county,	30
Mason county,	790
Logan county,	411
DeWitt county,	175
Tazewell county,	659
Stevenson's majority,	1976

This is the district that once had a solid republican majority of 2,500. And yet we hear the democrats abusing the greenbackers, because they say the greenback vote came out of the democratic party. Gentlemen, the facts and the figures don't show it. This 1,976 majority must have come from the republicans.—Peoria Democrat.

LATEST BY TELEGRAPH

NEGROES LYNCHED

John Bull Must be Paid.

A Mother-in-Law Killed.

A. T. Stewart's Bones.

Three Gals at a Pop.

A Pious Scoundrel,

LYNCHED.

MEMPHIS, TENN., Nov. 13.—A special to the Appeal this afternoon confirms the publication made this morning of the hanging of Floyd Smith and his wife Maria, colored, by an armed mob of thirty or forty persons, on Nov. 4, three miles southwest of Hernando, Miss. Both had been arrested and lodged in jail in Hernando, on Oct. 20, charged with murdering a little girl, a year old, who had been left in their care by its mother. A post mortem examination of the child revealed the fact of its skull having been broken. Rumor gives as the reason for the murder of the child that the negroes were instigated by the mother, who would inherit a large property on the death of her offspring.

THE FISHERY AWARD.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13.—Nothing was developed to-day except the incidental fact that the $5,500,000 fishery is to be paid. The disclosure of this fact was brought about by the discussion of the ways and means to be employed to make good the hole that will be made in the gold reserve by the payment of the amount required to satisfy this award. A member of the cabinet said this evening that Mr. Evarts had corresponded with the English government more for the purpose of carrying out the requirements of the act of congress than otherwise, and that the general sentiment of the cabinet to-day was that to avoid the payment of the award would involve such serious charges of a breach of faith that payment had better be made. Secretary Sherman has virtually conceded this point, while he still holds that the award is unjust and outrageous.

DEADLY FAMILY DISPUTE.

WYTHEVILLE, VA., Nov. 13.—Information has been received here of a diabolical outrage perpetrated Sunday night at the residence of Mr. James Snavely, at Mount Airy, in this county. It appears that Col. Ballard Lambert, who married the daughter of Snavely, undertook, by force to take his child from the residence of Mr. Snavely, assisted in his efforts by his brother Floyd Lambert, Stephen Corvin, Jr., Payton Porter and Ballard Myrick.—They forced open the door of Mr. Snavely's house, it is said, and meeting with opposition from Mrs. Snavely in their efforts to take the child, Lambert struck that lady on the head, crushing her skull, killing her almost instantly. Lambert's wife had left him on account of his ill treatment, and had returned to her father's house. A suit for divorce is now pending.

PURCHASING FOUR PER CENTS.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13.—The secretary of the treasury has just issued the following important circular.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY,
WASHINGTON, D. C., November 13.

Any person subscribing hereafter for 4 per cent, bonds, consols of 1907, as authorized by the act of July 14, 1870, may pay for them with any of the five-twenty bonds of the act of March 3, 1865, redeemable at the pleasure of the United States after July 1, 1870, in the same way as if they were called at the date of subscription in the regular course. But the subscriber, to avail himself of this privilege, must accompany the subscription with a full description of such bonds by numbers and denominations, and must within thirty days thereafter forward the bonds to this department, to be applied like called bonds. Of the amount issued by the above described five-twenty bonds there is now outstanding and uncalled the amount of $26,085,750.

JOHN SHERMAN, Secretary.

STEWART'S REMAINS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 13.—The search for the robbers of Stewart's vault is still unsuccessful.

DEATH OF A JOURNALIST.

Capt. A. Bauckner, who was the first to furnish ship-news to the New York newspapers and who was the agent, at the Isthmus, of Commodore Vanderbilt's steamships, died in the city of Brooklyn yesterday.

A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

CHARLESTON, Ill., Nov. 13.—Last Sunday Rev. Mr. Walker, claiming to be a missionary of the Methodist church in China, India, and the wilds of Africa, and among the Indians of this country, preached at the Presbyterian church here. To-day officers from Terre Haute arrested the gentleman here for swindling there. Since his arrest it has come to light that he was in a fair way to swindle a widow lady, named Walker, living a few miles in the country.

SENT TO THE PEN.

PEORIA, Ill., Nov. 13.—J. E. Merwin, who was arrested in South Carolina, a few weeks ago, by Sheriff Hitchcock, of this city, for extensive forgeries and confidence games practiced upon Harlow P. Tracy, and others, living at or near Elmwood, in this county, and against whom the grand jury, at the present term of court, found ten indictments, was arraigned to-day, pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to the penitentiary for three years. His partner Frank Custard, who was indicted with him, has not yet been found.

THREE AT A TIME.

MT. VERNON, Ill., Nov. 13.—Mrs. E. Montgomery, living near Middleton, gave birth to triplets about six weeks ago. They are all alive and hearty. They are all girls, and favor each other a great deal.

WABASH Fast Mail Route.

MAIN LINE
GOING WEST.

No. 3 Fast Line	4.15 a. m
" 5 Fast Mail	3 40 p. m
No. 1 Through Express	6 15 a. m
GOING EAST.	
No. 2 Lightning Express	10 50 p. m
" 4 Atlantic	11 45 a. m
No. 6, Accommodation Passenger	6 30 p. m

The following freight trains will carry passengers with tickets:

Going East	9 45 a. m.
Going West	1 1 p. m.

ST. LOUIS DIVISION.
DEPART.

No. 11 Through Express	7 50 a. m
No. 13 Fast Line	4 25 a. m
" 15 Fast Mail	4 00 p. m
Freight No. 51	7 15 a. m
ARRIVE.	
No. 12 Lightning Express	10 35 p. m
" 14 Atlantic	11 30 a. m
" 46, Accommodation	9 15 p. m

E. ANDREWS, Gen. Sup't'd.

H. C. TOWNSEND, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, Toledo, O.
K. HARWOOD, Agent Decatur Ill.

PEKIN, LINCOLN & DECATUR RAILWAY

FOR THE

North and Northwest.

TIME-TABLE

Night Express	Ex. & Mail	1878	Ex. & Mail	Day Express
ARRIVE.			LEAVE.	
[illegible]	2 00 pm	Decatur	6 55 pm	11 50 a m
[illegible]	12 13 "	Mt Pulaski	4 15 "	12 41 "
9 2[illegible] "	12 0[illegible] "	Lincoln	5 16 "	1 10 "
[illegible]	11 [illegible] "	Delavan	5 [illegible] "	1 51 "
[illegible]	10 [illegible] "	Green Val	6 13 "	2 15 "
[illegible]	10 00 "	Pekin	6 40 "	2 30 "
[illegible]	9 25 am	Peoria	7 15 "	3 00 pm

[illegible]

JOHN S. COOK,
Gen'l Manager, P. L. & D. R'y, Pekin.

L. M. RUPERT,
G. T. A., P. L. & D. R'y, Pekin.

For through tickets and further information apply to K. HARWOOD, Agent, Union Depot, Decatur, Ill.
Nov 10, '78

ILLINOIS MIDLAND RY.

On and after Nov. 8th, 1878, trains will arrive and leave as follows:

ARRIVE AT DECATUR.
FROM THE EAST.

No. 2 Passenger	11 49 a m
" 4 Passenger	1 10 p m
" 8 Freight	6 37 p m
DEPART EAST.	
No. 1 Passenger	1 14 p m
" 7 Freight	7 05 a m
" 3 Passenger	6 45 a m
FROM THE WEST.	
No. 5 Freight	1 10 p m
" 1 Passenger	12 57 p m
DEPART WEST.	
" 6 Freight	6 45 a m
No. 2 Passenger	12 12 pm

Sleeping Cars at Terre Haute through to Cincinnati, New York and Philadelphia.
R. J. RILES, General Manager, Paris, Ill.
GEO. S. BRECOUNT, Gen'l Agent, Paris, Ill.
C. B. COLE, Agent, Decatur, Ill.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD.

On and after Monday Nov. 11, trains will leave Decatur, (Sundays excepted) as follows
GOING NORTH.

Passenger	5 00 a m
Freight (Stock Express)	10 10 a m
Accomodation	3 03 p m
GOING SOUTH.	
Accomodation	10 10 a m
Freight	9 45 a m
Passenger	5 50p. m

J. C. CLARK, Gen'l Manager, Chicago.
W. P. JOHNSON, Gen'l Pass Agt., Chicago.
H. TUCKER, Gen'l Freight Agt., Chicago.
C. O. JUDSON, Agent, Decatur.

CHANCERY NOTICE.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, } ss.
MACON COUNTY. }
In the Circuit Court to the December Term A. D. 1878.

LILY V. CARELS } Chancery.
vs
SAMUEL CARELS }

Affidavit of the non-residence of Samuel Carels the above named defendant, having been filed in the office of the Clerk of said Circuit Court of Macon county, Notice is hereby given to the said Samuel Carels that the complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in the above entitled cause in said Court on the Chancery side thereof, and that a Summons thereupon issued out of said Court against said defendant, returnable to said Court, in said county, on the first Monday in the month of December, A. D. 1878, as is by law required, which cause is now pending, and undetermined in said Court.

E. McCLELLAN, Clerk.

DAVID HUTCHISON, Complainants' Solicitor.

CHEAP CHARLEY.

—THE—

Poor Man's Friend,

NO MISREPRESENTATION!

ONE PRICE ONLY,

"CHEAP CHARLEY,"

The Poor Man's Friend,

IS THE POPULAR CLOTHIER!

Because he MANUFACTURES Good Clothing suitable for every age, occupation, condition of mankind. He marks every garment in plain figures and makes

NO DEVIATION IN PRICE.

A child can buy as cheap as the most expert man. In selling goods they not only warrant every garment to be as represented, but should the purchaser after home inspection become dissatisfied with either fit, material or price, he

WILL CHEERFULLY EXCHANGE,

Or pay back the purchaser's money; provided always that goods are returned in good order, and in reasonable time.

CHILDREN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING.

We aim to keep constantly an unbroken stock suitable for every day and Sunday Wear, that cannot fail to prove satisfactory to every buyer. In

YOUTHS' AND MENS' CLOTHING,

We display an endless variety of Suits and separate garments, substantially made and handsomely trimmed, appropriate for either Labor, Business or Dress, at such Low Prices as to continually challenge but never produce successful competition.

BOOTS AND SHOES

Are sold at prices of the manufacturers and

HATS, CAPS, AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

Always of latest styles, at Chicago Jobbing Prices after addition of freight.

ONE PRICE, C. O. D., TO ALL.

And buying for 21 different branch stores enables us to retail at Wholesale prices and guarantee a saving of from 25 to 50 per cent.

KAUFMAN & BACHRACH,

Factory 72 North Clark Street, CHICAGO, IL

FRED. PAHMEYER,

MANUFACTURER OF

CIGARS.

S. E. Cor. South Main Street & Old Sq.
DECATUR, ILL

Family Grocery Store

The undersigned has at his store room on the West side of Broadway, between Cerro Gordo and Eldorado streets, Decatur, a fine stock of

Fresh Family Groceries

And all kinds of

FEED,

Fresh Fruit, and Vegetables.

In Season.

WOOD AND COAL

At prices as low as any, and quality the very best. Goods delivered to all parts of the city free of charge. Give me a call.

JOHN DINNEEN.

Nov. 9, 1878

GREAT SLAUGHTER

—OF—

WATCHES, CLOCKS and JEWELRY.

In order to make a change in business, I will offer my entire stock

AT COST.

I will sell them lower than Chicago or St. Louis. I MEAN BUSINESS. Come and price goods, and be convinced that this is no "Sham Cost Sale," but will CLOSE OUT MY ENTIRE STOCK IN SIXTY DAYS

H. POST!

No. 19 Water S

One door north of J. R. Race & Co's nov9tf

NEW

MERCHANT TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT

J. Foley, the Tailor,

Late of Champaign, has opened a first class tailoring Establishment, on East Main street, first door east of Martin's Restaurant. He has just received a fresh lot of piece goods—the best the market affords—which he is prepared to make up in FIRST CLASS STYLE, at prices to DEFY COMPETITION.

A PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.

Gents furnishing their own goods can have them cut and made up at

Reasonable Prices!

Also Clothing CLEANED and REPAIRED on short notice.

GIVE HIM A CALL. 31tf

STEAM DYE HOUSE.

The Only and Exclusive Steam Works in Decatur.

Sign of

DECATUR STEAM DYE WORKS.

NO. 19 S. MAIN STREET.

E. G. TUCKER,

PROPRIETOR.

P. S. goods dyed and finished by steam in best manner in all colors

E. M. IMTHURN

DYER IN

WOOL, SILK and COTTON.

For ten years superintendent of the dyeing and finishing department of the Decatur Woolen Mills.)

Is at No. 13 South Main St., where he is prepared to guarantee satisfaction both as to prices and quality of work.

CLEANING done on Short Notice.

E. M. IMTHURN,
No. 13 South Main St.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS

MASTER'S SALE.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, } ss. Macon County Circuit Court
MACON COUNTY. }

Hamilton W. Fenton, Administrator of the estate of Joseph G. White, deceased vs Goldson White.—No. 10639.

Public notice is hereby given that, in pursuance of a decretal order entered in the above entitled cause in said Court at the August Term A. D. 1878, I, John A. Brown, Master in Chancery for said Court, on

Tuesday, the 3d Day of December, 1878,

at the hour of 2 o'clock, p. m. of said day, shall sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, at the North door of the Court House, in Decatur in said county, the following described real estate situate in the county of Macon and State of Illinois, to-wit:

The whole of the undivided one-fifth (1-5) part of the following parcels to wit: The south half of the east part of the southeast quarter of the southwest quarter of section four (4) in township sixteen (16) north range two (2) east of the 3d P. M. containing five acres, south part of lot eight (8) in the east half of the southeast quarter of said section four (4) containing five acres, the south part of lot nine (9) in the said east half of the said southeast quarter of said section four (4) containing one and fifty-two hundredth acres, the south part of lot ten (10) in the said east half of the said southeast quarter of said section four (4), containing three and thirteen hundredth acres, the south part of lot eleven (11) in the said east half of the said southeast quarter of said section four (4) containing one acre, the south part of lot twelve (12) in the said east half of the said south-east quarter of section four (4), containing five acres, the south half of the south-west quarter of the southeast quarter of said section four (4), containing twenty acres; the north part of the east half of the northeast quarter of section nine (9), containing sixty five acres all in the township, range and county aforesaid, together with all and singular the tenements and hereditaments thereunto belonging. Said premises will be sold subject to redemption.

Decatur, Illinois, Nov. 12th, 1878.

JOHN A. BROWN,
Master in Chancery for Macon county, Ill.

I. A. BUCKINGHAM, Solicitor for Complainant.

MASTER'S SALE.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, } ss. Macon County Circuit Court,
MACON COUNTY. }

Augustus Happstrite, } Foreclosure No. 10641
vs
Fred. Aholtz, et al. }

Public notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of a decretal order entered in the above entitled cause in said court at the August term, A. D. 1878 I, John A. Brown, Master in chancery for said court, on

Wednesday, December 4th, 1878,

at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of said day shall sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, at the north door of the court house, in Decatur in said county, the following described real estate, situate in the county of Macon and State of Illinois, to wit:

Lot number three (3) in block number one (1) in James F. Montgomery's addition to the city of Decatur, together with all and singular the tenements and hereditaments thereunto belonging. Said premises will be sold subject to redemption.

Decatur, Illinois, Nov. 13th, 1878.

JOHN A. BROWN,
Master in Chancery for Macon county Ill.

I. A. BUCKINGHAM, Solicitor for Complainant.

MASTER'S SALE.

STATE OF ILLINOIS } ss. Macon County Circuit Court
MACON COUNTY }

Augustus Happstrite } Foreclosure. No. 10630
vs.
Frederick Aholtz et al. }

Public notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of a decretal order entered in the above entitled cause in said court, at the August term, A. D. 1878 I John A. Brown, Master in Chancery for said court, on

Wednesday, December 4, A. D. 1878,

at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of said day, shall sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, at the north door of the court house, in Decatur, in said county, the following described real estate, situate in the county of Macon and state of Illinois, to-wit: The southwest quarter of the southwest quarter of section eighteen (18), in township sixteen (16), north range three, east of the third principal meridian, together with all and singular the tenements and hereditaments thereunto belonging. Said premises will be sold subject to redemption.

Decatur, Ill., Nov. 13, 1878.

JOHN A. BROWN,
Master in Chancery for Macon Co., Ill.

I. A. BUCKINGHAM, Solicitor for Complainant.
[w3w]

PETITION FOR AN ORDER TO SELL REAL ESTATE.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, } ss
Macon County }

In the county Court, December Term 1878.

James Durning, administrator of Benjamin Mahannah, deceased petitioner, vs. Hannah Mahannah, Stephen Mahannah, Mariah Latham, Henry Latham, (her husband) Harvey Mahannah, Jacob Mahannah, Henry Mahannah, Eli Mahannah and James W. Mahannah.—Petition for an order to sell real estate.

AFFIDAVIT having been filed by James Durning, the petitioner above named, in the office of the clerk of said court, showing that said defendants Mariah Latham, Henry Latham, (her husband) Jacob Mahannah and Eli Mahannah, are each non-residents of the State of Illinois, and that said Mariah Latham and Henry Latham are residents of Sedgwick City, Sedgwick county, Kansas; and that Jacob Mahannah is a resident of Wichita, Sedgwick county, Kansas; that the residence of said Eli Mahannah is unknown to affiant, and upon diligent inquiry cannot be ascertained, notice is hereby given to the said Mariah Latham, Henry Latham, Jacob Mahannah and Eli Mahannah that the said James Durning has filed his petition in said court praying for an order to sell the following described real estate, situate in Macon county, Illinois, to wit: Thirty-two acres off of the south end of the west half of the northwest quarter of section thirty four, in township sixteen north, range three east of the 3rd principal meridian; also the south half (½) of the southwest quarter (¼) of section four (4) in township fifteen (15) north, range four (4) east of the 3rd principal meridian, containing eighty (80) acres, to pay the debts and claims against the estate of said Benjamin Mahannah, deceased, and that summons in said cause will be returnable at the December Term, A. D. 1878 of said court, to be holden at the court house in Decatur, in said Macon county, on the 3rd Monday in December 1878.

Unless you the said Mariah Latham, Henry Latham, Jacob Mahannah and Eli Mahannah, shall appear before said court on the first day of said term thereof and plead answer or demur to the said petition, the allegations contained therein will be taken as confessed by you, and an order entered in accordance with the prayer of said petition.

HENRY W. WAGGONER,
Clerk of the Macon County Court.

J. F. WEBB, Solicitor for Petitioner.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of a deed of assignment, executed and delivered to me on the 28th day of October, A. D. 1878 by Martha G. Butts James G. Butts and William Dick, partners under the firm name of M. G. Butts & Co., of the County of Macon and State of Illinois, and by me duly filed for record in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court of the said county, I have been duly appointed Assignee of the estate of the said Martha G. Butts, James G. Butts and William Dick for the benefit of their creditors, that I have filed an inventory of said estate, and have given bonds as required by the statute of said state, entitled, "An act concerning voluntary assignments, and conferring jurisdiction thereof upon county courts.

All creditors are requested to present their claims to me, under oath or affirmation, within three months from this date.

Given at Decatur, Illinois, this 29th day of October, A. D. 1878.

ISRAEL J. CHRONISTER
Assignee of the estate of Martha G. Butts James G. Butts and William Dick

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

DECATUR DAILY REVIEW.

WM. H. BAYNE,
Editor and Publisher.

WHEN THE WOODS TURN BROWN.

How will it be when the roses fade
Out of the garden and out of the glade,
When the fresh pink bloom of the sweet brier wild,
That leans from the dell like the cheek of a child
[illegible]

UNCLE REMUS'S [illegible] SONG.

[illegible]

THE MYSTERY OF THE MOUNTAINS.

"All done, the mountain. Impossible!"

"Jack, you see those deer skins lying there on the ground?"

"That's what I should call them without further examination."

"Just as distinctly as you see these I saw footprints all along the mountain side and up to the very fountain head of a brook that flows down through yonder valley."

"A woman's footprints, did you say?"

"Yes, a woman's, small and beautifully formed."

"Some of the lowland berry girls, in search of blueberries."

"That is good logic, Jack, but I don't see it in that light. In the first place, there are no blueberries within three miles of the mountains, in the second, no girl, unescorted, would venture so far into this dense forest."

"Very strange, indeed."

"To-morrow, if you have no objections, I'll go up and we will investigate this mountain nymph's footprints. And who knows but we may catch the fairy creature by some of those little cascades, her dainty feet buried in the white foam, combing down her long dark tresses?"

"Now, Harry, to tell the truth, I'd sooner expect to find a meeting house up there than a woman. Were the tracks newly made?"

"Yes, it had rained very hard only yesterday, and the swollen stream had washed the sand over the ground in many places. They were made after the rain."

"Now, Harry, ain't you mistaken? Were they no deer tracks?"

"Perhaps, if she is as beautiful as her footprints she must certainly be somebody's dear."

"Have it your own way, Harry, only give us a light for this Havana, and call it even."

The two speakers in the above conversation were Jack Danforth and Harry Littleton, two college students spending their vacation in the quiet town of Lansdale, long noted for its wild, romantic scenery and rich hunting grounds. The beautiful level surface of the town, from a distance, resembled a pretty green foot stool for the proud old mountain towering above it.

Harry's handsome face of late was often marred with a sad expression, a look of inquiry that none could read. Perhaps he was not feeling well, sad news from home, or likely enough he had not revealed all he had seen on the mountain. Jack was all life and jollity, ready to find or to make fun out of every thing that came along.

Hunting and fishing holds an endless charm few can understand as well as the young student just from the school-room.

With the additional excitement this last excursion was doubly interesting. They took an early start next morning, with knapsacks, guns and three days' rations. Long ere the sun had withdrawn its long golden fingers that pointed in here and there, through the heavy tree-tops, dropping bits of gold and sapphire over the mossy surface beneath, Jack was fully convinced of the truthfulness of Harry's statement. They even found pieces of fabric clinging to the underbrush in several places. Once, where the earth had been removed in search of ground nuts, they saw distinctly the print of a woman's hand.

Through all the pleasant month of October, Jack and Harry fished the mountain streams, trapped the careless bruin, shot the gentle deer, but could never solve the mystery of the mountains.

That last day came and a lovelier one none need ask for. Indian summer had bound with a spell, and emptied her vials of beauty over earth and sky, blending them together in one great whole. A day when flowers nod and smile at every passer-by, when listening brooks tell tales and laugh, and all the leaf spirits silently commune one with another, and the heart of man is filled with joy and love and praise to the God of nature for life and all its surroundings.

Jack and Harry were not blind to all this loveliness, and concluded to leave the mountain early in the day and enjoy the open field scenery. They were to separate and leave the mountain in two different directions. Just before starting they built a fire at the foot of a very high ledge, roasted their fish, ate their hard biscuit, lighted their cigars and sprawled out, boy fashion, on the ground.

The smoke soon wreathed above their heads, curled, and rolled off and up among the trees.

Harry gave an extra pull, raised his eyes to watch it mount the air, when he caught a glimpse of the most beautiful face he had ever seen, gazing down upon them from the perpendicular rock some 40 feet directly above them.

"By Jove, Jack, look up."

"Good heavens, Harry, who and what, and where did she come from?"

"We must know, we must find her. Nymph or maiden, that was too fair a face for this wild place."

They clambered up the ragged rocks with all possible speed until they reached the summit. No one there, no trace—yes, here across a bed of fine, damp moss are the self same foot prints. That and no more. All the afternoon, until nightfall, they traversed the mountain far and near. All their efforts, as before, proved fruitless. The next day Jack and Harry willed their hunting apparatus to the farmer's two growing sons, and returned to school four weeks older, if not wiser.

Fourteen years previous to the commencement of this narrative, in a quiet Quaker village in the town of M——, might be seen a pretty white cottage, with plain white curtains, an open work porch over the front door, covered with woodbine and scarlet runners. On a rustic seat, beneath the old elm in the yard might often be seen two young people conversing together and looking very happy, while their little four year old, blue eyed and golden haired, chased the butterflies over the green, or gathered bouquets of blue bells and honeysuckles, all stemless and tightly pressed in dimpled baby hands for papa and mamma. Baby Lottie, as she was called, was a child of great promise, and the pet of the village. Every Sunday found Baby Lottie seated with her parents at church, dressed in her little plain drab gown and tiny Quaker bonnet. In the seat just back sat another family, with a black eyed, roguish little fellow, two years older than Lottie, who often grieved his parents, and jarred the equilibrium of those silent meetings by reaching his feet through under the seat in front and kicking the little slipper-shod foot just peeping in sight, causing the little Quaker bonnet to bob around, and reproachful glances from beneath bonnets of a larger size.

Nevertheless the Sundays came and went with them, Willie Lindseer and Lottie Dunverse, to the old brown church and home again. The months gathered and numbered many. The years were filled and counted off, while the little Quaker maid lowly and sweetly blossomed into womanhood. William was a handsome, promising young man, with the exception of one great phrenological failing, a lack of firmness, which often put all his good resolutions to rout, and left him to drift down the stream helpless and alone. He often wished to break from the restraint that held him within the lines of the calm and peaceful Quaker discipline. From his childhood he had loved the fair Charlotte, and now that they were betrothed, she was dearer than ever. He would leave his home for her, the home of his childhood, and seek his fortune. He would go to Vermont, purchase a large tract of uncleared land, fell the heavy timber, build a log cabin, then return to his native State, and claim his beautiful bride.

With these resolutions he repaired to the home of Charlotte, where he found her singing and spinning, seated at the little flax-wheel out under the old elm. It was nigh the close of day. The rays of the setting sun tinged with gold the soft brown tresses that fell in heavy ringlets over her shoulders of lily whiteness. One small slippered foot worked the busy wheel, while the silken flax yielded to the magic touch of fairy fingers and filled the flyers with shining thread.

"Lottie, I've been thinking of thee all day."

"Well, William, what were thy thoughts? Surely good ones, if from thine heart."

"I will leave that for thee to say, Lottie. I have been thinking, a year will soon pass away, when our wedding day will find us without a home, a little home of our own, I mean. Brother John, up in Vermont, writes me to come and purchase land beside him and settle on it. What dost thou say to that, dearest?"

"William, I believe thee will do what is right and for the best. If thou dost, it will be well with us."

They bade each other farewell. William came to Vermont, bought his farm and prepared his home for the little Quaker maid.

I would have the remembrance of this life picture forever veiled. But no, it must be held up as an awful warning—a proof that "the way of the transgressor is hard." Within six months Charlotte received a letter informing her of her false lover's marriage.

No word of mine can express the anguish of that poor broken heart. No word of complaint, no bitter thoughts escaped her lips. She only said:

"I hope William will be prospered, but I know he never will."

After the lapse of a few weeks, Charlotte one day came to her mother and said: "Mother, my heart aches to-day. I wish thee could spare me from home a week or two. I would like to go over the mountain and visit at Uncle John's."

"Yes, child, thee can go. Thy cousins will welcome thee gladly. But hadn't thee better allow thy father to take old Bam and carry thee over? Thou art not feeling exceedingly strong, child, and ten miles' walk over such a mountain may weary thee over much."

"Take no thought of me, dear mother. I will return to thee in two weeks, our Father willing."

Two weeks passed, three and four, and still Charlotte came not.

"Father, thou must saddle old Bam, and go for our daughter. I have a strange foreboding that all is not well."

The father went only to learn the startling news that she never had reached there. Search was immediately made, but no trace of her could be found. The pleasant autumn passed by and the chilling snows of winter came and found the grief stricken parents still childless.

The long, cold winter wore slowly away, leaving the earth bare and cheerless for young spring's fresher hands to array again in robes of beauty.

One beautiful day in May there came to this saddened home a young man faint and weary, begging a morsel of bread and a night's lodging, which was most willingly granted. The morrow found him wild and unable to rise from his bed. A physician was immediately called, who pronounced it brain fever. His name and residence were unknown, but those kind hearted, hospitable people said, "This young man must have care. If the good Lord has directed his footsteps to our door, he must remain. We will be father and mother to him in his hour of need." After long weeks of severe illness nature and kind attendance restored the wandering mind to reason. He gave his name as Harry Littleton, and said the last he remembered he left his study-room, with a severe pain in his head, and directed his footsteps toward his boarding house, some 20 miles from this place—quite a long walk to take before breakfast. His host and hostess bade him remain with them until he was fully recovered and able to return to his studies, which kindness he accepted with many tears and a thankful heart. As soon as he became strong enough to converse freely the kind mother inquired if he remembered any of his strange conversations while ill. He had no remembrance, and requested her to repeat some of it. She told him he talked incessantly of the mountains, mysterious footprints, beautiful faces, and so on. He then related to her the strange story of the previous autumn, and said it was no idle fancy, that he could bring his chum, Jack Danforth, who would affirm his assertions. When he had finished the staid Quaker turned to his wife and said:

"Wife, thy thoughts are my thoughts. I will go."

As soon as Harry was strong enough to travel, he guided the sorrowing father to the ledge, where he saw the beautiful face, and there, within a few yards of the rock, beside the roots of an upturned tree, lay bleaching a little heap of bones, a few shreds of checked linen, pieces of the very dress she wore on that fatal day. That was all that was left on earth of poor Charlotte. Whether she was killed by the wolves, or lost her way, and died of starvation, will forever remain a mystery.

Jack and Harry saw the footprints, and thought they saw a face which proved to be a guide to the remains of the once beautiful Charlotte. What of the faithless William? He labored early and late on his farm beside his brother, and true as the words of the sweet Quaker maid he could not be prospered. While his brother became wealthy and happy, he grew poor and miserable. At last his farm was mortgaged and sold, his family scattered, and after a long and miserable hermit life, he died alone in a little log hut, in a distant State.—*[illegible]*

A Plucky Michigan Girl.

George H. Dyring, who lives about six miles out on the Grand River road, tells the following story of Miss Anna Brown, his niece, who is but 10 years old. On Saturday night Miss Brown, with her father, left this city, to drive home in a light wagon, drawn by one horse. Mr. Brown has been an invalid for two or three years, and is very weak and unable to resist any assault. They had driven about a mile beyond the toll gate, the father holding the reins, when two men suddenly jumped to the head of the horse and stopped him, after which one of them stepped back and informed Mr. Brown that if he had any money or other valuables he would do well to produce them. Mr. Brown explained that he was a poor man and had no money and begged them to let him proceed unharmed. By this time the second highwayman had left the head of the horse and joined his companion, and both were badgering Mr. Brown, telling him that it was useless to affect great physical weakness and poverty, for he must "shell out." Meanwhile the girl had gained possession of the whip, and at this point she suddenly seized the reins and, with the heavy butt-end of the whip, knocked one of the robbers down, while she dealt the other a severe blow. Then, giving the whip to the horse, she succeeded in driving herself and father out of reach of the robbers and beyond danger, although one of the highwaymen discharged a pistol at the flying couple.

A COLONIST of Kenchela, province of Constantine, in Algiers, writes that he planted in 1876 a thousand slips of grapevine, one foot long, and without root, and that during the present year he has gathered a crop as large as would have been supplied by a ten years' growth of the same slips in France.

MR. CROSSLEY, of Halifax, in England, has succeeded in hearing the tramping of a fly from a distance twice as great as that between Bradford and Halifax—that is, over some 20 miles of telegraph wire.

Dare-Devil Deeds Performed by the Imaginary Brave.

The fall fights being in fierce progress, the mind of man is turned to pugilism. Quite a crowd of prominent citizens were comfortably gathered around the stove in a Commercial Row saloon last evening, and in the course of the general belligerent conversation—reminiscently belligerent, merely—a small tobacco-dealer, with a squeaky voice and weighing perhaps 100 pounds spoke up:

"I ain't no fightin' man," he chuckled graciously, "an' I don't blow about what I kin do in the way of lickin' and ain't had a black eye since I left school. Once a six footer that could have lifted me up with one hand came into the store an' called for a Bouquet Special an' then tried to hang me up for it. I told him it wouldn't do an' he began to bluster an' call tough names. 'See here, my friend,' says I, fixin' my eyes on him hard (I always do that when I have trouble with a man, and I tell you what, one of my looks usually fetches 'em), I says, 'See here, my friend, I don't want no foolishness. I don't know you and you can't have no trust at this shop. You're a bilk, that's what you are.' Well, sir, he just reached over an' slapped my face. I don't know what happened for the next five minutes. When I do get mad my brain seems to whizz round an' I can't see. When I come to myself, I was out on the sidewalk on the top of that six footer, and I'd beat his face till it looked like a raw beefsteak. How I done it I don't know, for I don't pretend to be a fighter. It took two men to haul me off, and the six footer was laid up in bed for six weeks. To avoid trouble I paid the doctor's bill."

"I've often noticed the same thing with myself," said a consumptive dry-goods man. "It's terrible to get into one of them rages. I've only been mad three or four times in my life, and then I foam at the mouth. Now, I'm not ashamed to say that I'm rather cowardly. Courage is a mere matter of nerves, but I've often wondered that I haven't killed somebody or done something awful in one of my rages. D'ye see this scar?—right over my eye here. Well, perhaps it's growed up, but it looked like a nigger minstrel's mouth once. I got that over in French Corral. I was keepin' a saloon there in '60, and done a big business. There was a fellow lived next door to me named Mulligan—Patsy Mulligan, or Mike Mulligan, I don't remember which. Well, he was a pretty good fellow when he was sober, but a perfect terror when in liquor, and he had the name of being the toughest fighter in the Corral. I was always civil to him when I met him and when he came into the saloon, which he did pretty frequent. I ain't ashamed to say that I was afraid of Mulligan, for I wasn't a fighter then any more'n I am now, and if I had a good chance I'd rather run than fight any time. But when I'm cornered—cornered close up—why then I'll sail in as any other man would, and when I do fight I fight to win, you bet your life. Well, one morning when I was settin' my bar to rights in comes Mulligan. He weighed about three times as much as I did, and the moment he come in I see he'd been on it all night, and wasn't feelin' in good humor. The first thing he done was to kick over three or four chairs and spit a mouthful of tobacco on the billiard table. I didn't say nothing, for he was a good customer and I didn't want no trouble. But when he up and with one good solid kick brought down the cue rack I thought he'd gone far enough, and I says to him, 'Mulligan, won't you have something to drink?' 'I don't care if I do,' says he, walkin' up to the bar. There was only two of us in the saloon, and it was too early for any body much to be on the street. 'What'll you have?' says I. 'Gimme a cocktail,' says he, 'and be —— lively about it, too.' I thought that seein' it was my treat that this was pretty fresh, but I didn't say nuthin', for I didn't want no trouble. I built him a big drink, and then, boys, what d'ye you think the big husky did? Why he just took the whisky bottle out of my hand and takin' up the quid o' tobacco he'd laid down on the counter he began crammin' it with his finger down the neck of the bottle. Then I got mad and made a grab for my whisky and the brute struck me over the eye with it, makin' that scar. Then we went at it. I hit him with a walrus tusk that hung by the bar mirror and he begun gatherin' up the glasses, but I bust him on the head with a decanter. That floored him and I just jumped over the counter an' was givin' him the heel in the face when constable Flannigan rushed in and dragged me off. Both of us were laid up for —— knows how long, but we never had no more trouble."

"When I was a young feller over in Missouri," began a toothless old man, "I had one of the durndest scrapes you ever heern tell on. There was a feller that—"

At that moment a tremendous row on the street caused a general rush of the sanguinary citizens to the door. A fight between two printers was in progress, and they stood round and enjoyed it until one of the typos sat down on a rock and positively refused to fight any more. Then the citizens went back into the warm saloon, and told one another what desperate characters they were when they once got started.

A Connecticut Snake Story.

George H. Oviatt discovered a snake of worms in Orange, near the boundary line between the town of Orange and Woodbridge, about two weeks ago, [illegible]. It was four feet two inches in length, and the worms were about three eighths of an inch in length, and of a pale brown color, except the head, which was black. During half an hour they moved only a few feet. He separated the worms several times, but they remained so only for a short time, and joined the main body. The snake consisted of hundreds of these worms, which travel in the form of a snake, and leave a wet trail behind them. There were several leaders, followed by hundreds of these worms, one above another, from one-quarter to one-half of an inch in thickness, and over four feet in length. A snake or chain of worms was seen in the town last year, but it was not as large as this one.—*Hartford Courant.*

YELLOW FEVER REMINISCENCES.

Grenada's Sorrowful Experiences—The Brave Souls Who Grappled in a Death Struggle with Yellow Jack.

[From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

A hidden or unseen foe is the worst of all enemies. Half a dozen sharpshooters, well concealed, will cause more consternation, and create more terror in their opponents' breasts, than can a regiment of soldiers in the open field. He who combats with a foe whom he can see or feel has a knowledge of the whereabouts and intention of that foe, and from that knowledge he derives such advantages as will help him to so prepare himself that he may successfully ward off the attack, should he not feel able to cope with it.

It was not so in Grenada, nor, in fact, in any of the cities or villages which were laid waste by that terrible foe to human life, Yellow Jack. Not all the skill of the ablest General could ward off his slightest blow. His presence was known by all the senses save the two of sight and hearing. Man after man fell down like leaves in autumn, and those who fought manfully fought blindly. If ever man or woman deserves to be called truly brave, it is that man or that woman who

FOR HUMANITY'S SAKE

stood up day after day in the face of an almost certain and speedy death. Then let the records of the past three months, as recorded in the daily newspapers of the land, be opened and read, and hundreds and thousands of brave men and brave women will there appear, many of whom lie buried without so much as a winding sheet. I remember the dying request of the heroic Dr. J. W. Hughes, a resident physician of Grenada, and one of the leading M. D.'s of Northern Mississippi. He dreaded the burial of his body as we had to bury the dead, and as a particular personal favor asked his attendant physician, Dr. Beatty, of Mobile, Ala., to "have me buried as becomes a physician and a gentleman." The request was readily granted, for Dr. Hughes had worked like a hero, endeavoring night and day to save life regardless of his own personal safety, and forgetting self completely. All of his family being sick, Dr. Beatty washed the body himself, laid it out and dressed it in a becoming suit of black and followed it to the cemetery, the funeral cortege consisting of the hearse and Dr. Beatty in his buggy.

While writing of doctors in medicine, let me pay a just tribute to the fraternity.

EACH AND EVERY MEMBER,

without one known exception, remained shoulder to shoulder at their posts and, forgetful of all else save duty, worked day and night, with almost superhuman strength, regardless of pay, regardless of the patient's position. Many left homes of comfort and of ease, left a large and lucrative practice, left wife and children, to go to the aid of their suffering brothers and sisters, and many laid down their lives for their friends. Shame upon that man or that woman who says that one of them went amid such scenes for notoriety's sake. It was the "stay at home" during the late war who to-day tries to keep alive the dying embers of that fierce strife, and it is those who were very far from danger's door who attempt in their cowardly way to belittle the truest heroism that graces the written history of the world.

I rank with the profession of medicine those of the telegraph and the newspaper. In Grenada, when the scourge began, the railroad operator was Wyatt M. Redding, and the Western Union operator was Thos. J. Marshall. Both of these men, as became men, stuck to their posts of duty in the face of the most malignant type of the ever dreaded yellow fever, while around them, upon every side, lay friends, relatives and acquaintances in

THE LAST AGONIES OF DEATH,

and to-day, in a little city of the dead, upon the hillside on the western side of the the village, are the caskets which contained two of God's most perfect images, for they lay down their lives that others might yet live. Thousands of your readers, looking over the *Globe-Democrat*, [illegible] the name of Grenada, and read "so many new cases and so many deaths," little could they enter into the feelings and hearts of the hand which touched the key in a little room in far-off Grenada, sending those very words and not knowing how soon the electric shock of the invisible destroyer would send a message of eternal sleep. A young man, twenty one years of age, operator at Winona, a few miles south of Grenada, fired with the holiest of motives, wired the brave Redding, "Can't I come up and help you?" The answer came from the other hero: "It is more than your life is worth to come, stay where you are." John T. Hedberg answered immediately: "I will be up on the first train." He went up on the first train, assisted Redding, succeeded him, was the only operator there until the 30th day of August,

WHEN HE WENT DOWN

before the relentless scythe, and for two or three days the telegraph office was without an occupant.

Young Hedberg recovered, and when hardly able to be at work his hand manipulated the key which sent the news to the outer world. Being a newspaper man, it would seem like egotism to speak of the heroism of the journalists and printers.

Suffice it to say they have left their shield untarnished.

During the thickest of the battle every man in active duty was a stranger, or rather, a non-resident. Every local [illegible] save one was dead, and that one was struck down in the very onset, and by a complication of diseases was kept in bed during the whole of that terrible fight. He is a graduate of about two years, and, unfortunately for him, as far as the treatment of yellow fever is concerned, he saw but little of it. I believe he is still living. No municipal authority was in the town or county, not a Constable to enforce the peace. None was needed. For, save the barking of the dogs at night, or the rumbling of the doctors' buggy-wheels, not a sound was heard, but day and night all was

QUIET AS THE GRAVE.

It is very often the case that the best-meant services to others do but injure them, and when the authorities (before the fever came) opened the long unused sewer, for the public good, the very thing they had hoped to escape was thus the sooner brought upon them. They threw into the air the very food Yellow Jack was in search of, and, finding such a feast of his favorite edibles, he brought such an army of his invisible company that human life could scarce survive amongst the filthy rot. Railroad men say that in passing through the town, even with closed doors and windows, the stench was terrible. Had the sewer remained untouched, or all the malarial poisons were covered with a coating sufficient to retain them, perhaps, and I think it very probable, Grenada would have escaped with but a very slight loss in the lives of her citizens, if, indeed, she lost any.

The accumulated filth of years is like scandal, the more you attempt to handle it the more filthier it becomes, and it will besmirch him who handles it. It is a well known fact,

DEMONSTRATED IN FORMER EPIDEMICS

in New Orleans, Memphis and elsewhere, that the fever [illegible] unused and dirty portions of cities, but that he does favor those places where recent attempts at cleaning have been made. [illegible] experience in Grenada.

It is a law and not a rule. The first death was a Mrs. Fields living upon the line of the sewer; the second death was but a stone's throw from the sewer, and the third death was immediately upon the line of the sewer. The fourth, fifth, sixth and succeeding cases were so simultaneous and the spread became so general, that it is hard to recall with them up.

The physicians who came from New Orleans, Natchez and Mobile, say that the fever in Grenada was the most malignant type of all the cases they had ever seen.

Strong, healthy persons would be taken, and in less than [illegible] hours they were lying in the grave.

A peculiarity in the disease, sometimes present in a few cases in former epidemics, but present in nearly every case in Grenada, was suppression. The kidneys refused to eliminate the urea from the blood, and, as a natural consequence, the urea passed into the general circulation, and being a rank poison, there soon cut short the functions of life.

THE CRIES AND GROANS

of those who were thus afflicted were terrific, and yet so used were we to it that it excited but an occasional remark of "Poor fellow" or "Poor woman." A very accomplished gentleman from Louisville, Ky., owning a large retail drug store in that city, went to Grenada to do whatever he could to alleviate the suffering of the people. [illegible] in Grenada, there was not a well being save the nurse, [illegible]

There were not two [illegible] in town, so this elegant [illegible] But he wasn't [illegible] the very next morning he was stricken down, and, after a suffering horrible to [illegible], he yielded up that noble spirit to God who gave it. His was a lingering death, and for three days and three nights

HIS PIERCING SCREAMS

could be heard at intervals of perhaps three minutes, all through the hotel, or, as the Chamberlain House was transformed, the hospital.

I could cite numbers [illegible] of heroic deeds and [illegible] which would eclipse any thing known in all the world's annals. Many here are whose names are now written up on the recording angel's tablet as those [illegible]

ROVER.

Explorations in Greenland.

The Danish Government [illegible] have published a report from the three gentlemen whom they sent some time ago to explore the land between the colonies of Godthaab and Fredrikshald. The report, dated Iskenas, August 3, states that the expedition has obtained very valuable results. M. Dalager, who in 1751 had reached the "Gamatak," a mountain which rises out of the ice north of Fredrikshald, reported that far to the east he observed a series of mountain peaks, which he supposed to be the east coast of Greenland, but although this was generally supposed to be an error, the question had not hitherto been solved. An exploring party, under the command of Lieut. Jensen, R. D. N., has now succeeded in reaching these mountains, which were situated about [illegible] from the border of the ice fields, after no small amount of suffering. The expedition, consisting of three Danes and one Greenlander, entered the ice fields on July 14. On the 20th, the foot of the mountain range, after much suffering, was reached, but all the toil and sufferings of the explorers appeared to have been useless, as it appeared impossible to ascend the mountains, the fog having again become intense. This was followed by a violent gale from southeast, accompanied with heavy falls of snow, which lasted six days, and as provisions and fuel began to run short, and several of the party felt symptoms of snow blindness, notwithstanding the snow spectacles, it was decided to return, when, fortunately, on July 31, the weather moderated, and the sky became clear, and on this day the highest mountain was climbed. The height of this mountain was ascertained to be about 5,000 feet above the level of the sea, and on the other side of the mountain ridge the ice fields were observed without interruption as far as the eye could see, the plateau apparently gradually rising higher and higher. It is now consequently proved that this mountain ridge is not the east coast of Greenland.

OMELET.—3 eggs beaten slightly together, 2 even teaspoonsful of flour, ⅔ of a cup of milk, and a small pinch of salt.

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GENERAL BREVITIES.

A recent examination at Goa, India, of the body of St. Fancis Xavier showed it to be as well preserved as when exposed 20 years ago.

An elephant butted the end out of a car on a Kentucky railroad, fell with his forelegs astride the couplings, broke his tusks, and had a foot cut off.

A man in Santa Barbara County, California, is making a living by clearing farms of squirrels at [illegible] cents an acre, and guarantees thorough work.

The Italian Government has adopted plans for 2,500 miles of new railroads, to cost about $150,000,000, to be secured by a pledge of the public credit.

Dr. Halley has shown that from the surface of the Mediterranean Sea, in one summer's day there are exhaled by the heat of the sun 52,800,000,000 tons of water.

Capt. Selfridge reports that 150 Southerners on the Amazon and Madeira Rivers, Brazil, are now doing well, after "a hard task in redeeming the soil from the dominion of a wild nature."

A. N. Bronson died at St. Joseph's Hospital, Fort Wayne, Ind., the other day, and was buried in the Potter's Field. He was 67 years of age and at one time was worth $[illegible], all of which he lost in stock speculation.

An old-fashioned barbecue near Worcester was a recent incident in Butler's Massachusetts canvass. A large ox was roasted over a big fire for 24 hours, and then carved after the speeches, for the multitude. The meat was tough and badly cooked, most of it being either raw or burned; but it was all eaten, the novelty of the occasion seeming to overcome squeamishness of appetite.

The wicks of kerosene lamps should be changed frequently, or, if not too short, washed in strong, hot soapsuds, with some ammonia in the rinsing water. The trouble with poor light from kerosene lamps frequently arises from the wicks being full of the sediment or refuse matter which comes from the oil, and that impedes the free passage of the kerosene through the wicks.

A new poem starts out with the rather startling line, "I am dying; is she coming?" And the reader naturally infers that he was frightened to death because his mother-in-law was coming. A perusal of the poem, however, while it shows the tragedy unchanged, rearrange the cast, and the singer is a young wife hurrying into the grave before her husband's aunt can catch her. —*Hawkeye*.

Carlie Welch, a 10-years-old boy of Jell's Camp, a village in the oil regions of Western New York, was so angry that a conductor put him off from an Olean and Bradford train, on which he was accustomed to steal rides between the stations, that he afterward tried to throw the train down a steep embankment, by placing obstructions on the track. The only damage was the wrecking of two flat-cars the engine was pushing before it, and when placed in a cell, the boy confessed that he took this means of getting even with the conductor.

Jas. Hill entered the Tito swimming tournament for "the longest swim under water." Spectators watched his mud-colored, sprawling body as it tugged from stone to stone under the transparent, green waters of the bay. After a long while the swimmer dropped to the bottom and laid prone, back up. Every body thought it was an antic of some sort and stood still until some sensible person of the sort specially commissioned to take care of fools dived down and pulled out the drowned professional. Much rubbing and pumping gave life back.

The Chevalier Gustavo M. Finotti, at one time the Italian Consul at the port of Boston, was among the sufferers by the recent prairie fire in Dakota, and he is now in extreme poverty. His life has been a succession of reverses, he having lost a large fortune in mercantile ventures. Some two years ago he removed to Yankton, Dakota Territory, and went into farming. The grasshopper scourge and prairie fires have completed the ruin begun in mercantile life, and he is now, at the age of 67 years, absolutely destitute, with a wife and a family of nine children.

Mrs. John S. Tylee, of Paterson, N. J., who was considered one of the finest private singers in that city, having a fine soprano voice, was thrown from her carriage several months ago and her nose was broken. This accident affected her voice. Mrs. Tylee, on learning that a painful and tedious operation would restore her voice, resolved to endure the operation. She was under charge of a surgeon in New York for a month, and the broken bones were one by one replaced, and Mrs. Tylee has now returned to her place in the choir of the First Presbyterian Church, her voice having regained all of its power.

The other day George Forrester, of Mills County, Iowa, was out mending his corn-crib, when a wire holding the sides in or running across the crib was struck by lightning, and in the middle where it sags, jumped and struck George's watch-guard, melting it, and stopping his watch. It then circled his body, and, running down his leg, left him unconscious, the lower part of his body being paralyzed for a time. The track of the lightning is very visible by a streak, and the hair on his body was all singed off. The watch indicated just 3 o'clock, and did not move a second after being struck.

An incident of Robert Collyer's recent visit to England is thus told by the *Yorkshireman*: "The other Sunday the reverend gentleman preached at Mill Hill Chapel, Leeds. While the swell congregation was dispersing, and as Mr. Collyer was also leaving the church to take his seat in the carriage which one of his well-to-do hearers had sent to convey him thence, a rough-looking workingman accosted the preacher and said: 'Tha dusen't knaw me, Bob, dus ta?' 'No, I think not,' said Mr. Collyer, as with a curious twinkle of his eye he surveyed the man. 'Why, am Joe Wright, 'at used to strike for thee.' Wasn't there a shaking of hands by these two old smithy friends? Mr. Collyer was to be the guest of the Mayor (Mr. Carbutt) that day, but having met Joe, he begged to be excused, and accompanied his old fellow-workman to his home."

Bijah and the Poetess.

Some folks can always tell the woman who "writ a piece of poetry," and wants to know "what you think of it." Bijah can tell 'em. The older he grows the easier it is for him to recognize the female who sat up till midnight to make "broom" rhyme with "moon." When he opened his reception-room Saturday a woman was in waiting, and the minute he got eyes on her he said to himself:

"I'll bet she's got a poem on autumn leaves or the last cornstalk!"

She had.

"Mr. Joy," she began as she took the red rocking-chair, and untied the strings of her bonnet, "how many volumes of poetry have you written?"

"I—I don't remember the exact number, madam."

"Have you written any thing lately?"

"Well, no—nothing except a letter to my sister."

"I suppose the papers and magazines are continually annoying you with invitations to write for their columns?" she queried as she began to unfold her poetry.

"Oh, of course."

"I have written a few verses—just for my own amusement, which I should like to have you read, Mr. Joy. I may send them to either the *Christian Witness* or the Chicago *Times*, if they offer pay enough. I don't know but you can dash in a little of your peculiar sentiment here and there and add piquancy to the whole. I will read it verse by verse:

> "Summer dear, has fled and gone,
> And autumn it is here;
> The wind it has a lonely howl,
> And every thing looks drear.

How is that?"

"That, madam, is superb. I've read thousands of Daniel Webster's poems which didn't begin with that. It, however, seems to lack tone."

"How?"

"Well, I should have the last two lines read:

> "The wind it makes me awful dry,
> And I feel like drinking beer.'

You see, madam, you——"

"Sir! do you think I'd write a poem on beer?" she interrupted.

"Madam, the object in writing poetry is to appeal to the various sentiments of the human heart. In the first line you appeal to memory. Summer has fled and gone, and we at once remember how we ate strawberries and cream and went in swimming. In the second you appeal to the present. In the third as I have it, you appeal to the sense of thirst, which, I assure you, madam, is perfectly awful. The last line mentions beer, and thousands of hearts will at once expand at the word. That verse will be remembered when Shakespeare is dead and forgotten."

"Mr. Joy, is that honest?"

"Honest Injun, madam."

She hardly believed him, and after some hesitation went on to read the second verse:

> "The oaken oaks are robed in red,
> The grass has lost its green,
> The leafless branches leafless are,
> And cloudlets cold are seen."

"Madam, that beats the other for original thought and purity of cultivation, but I think you can make a few slight changes for the better. For instance, I'd start the verse off with:

> 'The coal-bin hasn't got a lump!'

And I'd arrange to end it with:

> 'And the price of 'taters is too high!'"

"Sir, how dare you?"

"How dare I what? If you don't appeal to sentiment, what is poetry good for? We all know that the grass has lost its green; we expected it to; it always does about this time o' year. But, madam, what sad echoes gallop through the soul when you come to mention an empty coal-bin at this time of year! We know that cloudlets are cold. They are out all night and the frost gets after them. Sentiment turns from cloudlets to the price of Peachblow and Early Rose potatoes, and there you appeal to public indignation."

"Mr. Joy," she remarked, as she rolled up the paper in a determined way, "we can not agree on poetry. I don't think you can add piquancy to this little effort of mine."

"Well, I'm sorry. My style is known as the Eastlake, while yours is more on the Corinthian, and if I should write a poem, I suppose you'd see several places where you could improve it?"

"I don't think so," she dryly remarked as she rose to go.

"Well, that flatters me, of course, and in return I desire to say that I could read your poetry till I fell asleep."

"Thank you!" she snapped as she shot through the door, and her heels struck the walk as if she had unpleasant thoughts.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A Life of Vicissitudes.

A Philadelphia special to the Chicago *Tribune*, 30th, says: Night before last the cars ran over and killed a poor old man who was picking up coal on the track of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad. He was decapitated by a coal train. To-day an inquest was held, when it was discovered that the deceased was named August Fry, and had once been wealthy and in high social position in Germany. He was born in the Duchy of Baden in 1810, and in the occupancy of prominent government positions he amassed a great fortune. In the revolutionary wave which swept over Germany in 1849, under the impulse it had received in France, he took an active part in the ranks of the Young German party, and lent financial aid to the movement besides. He was a member of the Constituent Assembly of Baden, which was convened after the flight of the Grand Duke. The return of that ruler supported by the Prussian forces drove Fry and other Republicans into exile in this country, and Fry's property, worth $300,000 after his sacrifices for the Liberal cause, was confiscated. He went into several different business ventures in this country, but failed, then fought in the army during the Rebellion, and afterwards gradually became impoverished, and at the time when run over, he was totally destitute, subsisting by picking and selling coal.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is a purely vegetable compound, innocent in nature and wonderful in effect. For children it is invaluable, curing Croup, Whooping Cough, etc., in a few hours. Price, 25 cents per bottle, or five bottles for $1.00.

HOME INTERESTS.

Rice Pudding.—To each quart of milk, 1 tablespoon of rice; sugar to taste; bake 3 hours. Frequent stirring makes the pudding creamy.

Preserved Fruit Candying.—To prevent jams, preserves, etc., from graining, a teaspoonful of cream-tartar must be added to every gallon of the jam, preserve, etc.

Fried Potatoes.—Potatoes, sliced very thin, should be cooked in a deep skillet; the lard or butter must be boiling hot. If placed in a wire sieve, much time is saued and trouble spared.

To Use up Cold Meat.—Prepare meat as for hash; make it in rolls (like a sausage) by binding it with raw egg; tie each roll carefully in cabbage-leaf, and boil ½ to ¾ of an hour in weak stock.

To Keep Eggs.—Pack in dry wheat bran, small end down, in layers, so that they shall not touch each other. Keep in a cool, dry place. They will come out fresh and good in the spring.

Indian Pudding.—1 [illegible] yellow Indian meal, 1 quart boiling milk poured upon it; allow it to cool; add 2 eggs well beaten, and 1 teaspoon baking-powder; a meringue top if liked; bake 20 minutes.

Oyster Soup.—1 quart boiling water, 1 quart rich milk, stir in 1 teacup rolled crackers, pepper and salt. When it comes to the boil, add 1 quart fresh oysters; stir well so as not to scorch; add a piece of sweet butter about the size of an egg; let it boil up once, remove from the fire. Dish up and send to the table.

To Bake Quinces.—Select perfectly ripe quinces, and have them all about of a size. Bake them in the oven as you would a sweet apple. Do not pare them, but take out the stem and eye. When they are perfectly cooked, arrange them on a dish and serve them with powdered sugar and cream. Very nice for dessert, lunch or supper.

To Keep Tomatoes Whole for Winter.—Take nice ripe tomatoes, and pare without scalding; have wide-mouth jar, and place enough of the fruit to fill it in a steamer (tin vessel with perforated bottom), and set over a boiling pot of water and steam till about milk warm; then place them snugly in the jar; cover with boiling water, and seal up air-tight; and they will keep nicely for slicing, or any way you choose to serve them.

Raised Biscuit.—1 quart milk, ½ cup lard or butter (half and half is good), ½ cup yeast, 2 tablespoonfuls white sugar, 1 teaspoonful salt, flour to make a soft dough; mix over night, warming the milk slightly and melting the butter; in the morning roll out into a sheet three-quarters of an inch thick; cut into round cakes; set these closely together in a pan; let them rise 20 minutes, bake 20 minutes.

Chow-chow Pickle.—Chop up green tomatoes until you have 4 quarts; also chop the same quantity of green peppers, and 2 large onions. Sprinkle over them 1 cupful of salt and let it stand over night. Next morning pour the water off. Boil, in some vinegar to extract the strength, 1 tablespoonful of whole cloves, the same of whole pepper corns, stick of cinnamon, and 2 tablespoonfuls of black mustard-seed. Heat cider-vinegar to the boiling point; pour the boiling vinegar and spices into this hot vinegar, and cover the pickle with it.

A Cheap Breakfast and Supper Dish.—Take a soup-bone (shank) with plenty of meat on; put in a kettle of cold water; remove the scum which rises to the top; then boil until the meat falls from the bone; remove the bones after scraping every particle of gristle and marrow from them; chop up your meat and return to the kettle, which you must keep three-quarters full; salt and pepper to taste; then thicken with corn-meal as you do mush; stir until the meat is thoroughly impregnated with the meal; then turn out in vessels to cool; slice and fry brown.

Beef Tea.—Take 1 pound of nice fresh, round steak, free of fat; cut it into small pieces and put into a suitable-sized bottle and cork it tight, setting the bottle into a kettle of *cold* water to be placed on the stove. The amount of water put in must not be sufficient to float the bottle, but keep adding boiling water to make up for what boils away. Continue to boil until the strength of the meat has been extracted; drain and season with salt and pepper. If bottles persist in breaking, a tin can or small tin pail can be used instead.

To Make Good Hash.—Boil corned beef and potatoes, separately, sufficient to eat; let them get cold, and chop them fine, separately; save the water that the meat was boiled in, and, when cold, remove the drippings from the top, and use in cooking, after again melting and straining into a vessel. Put 4 tablespoonfuls of this dripping into an iron frying-pan, and, when very hot, add 1 quart of chopped beef, and stir until thoroughly warmed, then add ½ a pint of boiling water and a quart of the potatoes, and stir frequently until the hash begins to stick to the bottom of the frying-pan; salt to taste; serve in hot dish, and send to the table immediately.

When an editor goes home at night and takes down the big Bible to read a dozen chapters or so, one of the commandments in the book is liable to become a trifle warped when he finds a lot of autumn leaves scattered throughout the work.

—A man who will allow people to slap him on the back and call him Jack, never amounts to much, either in a social or business sense.—*Bedford (Pa.) Breeze*.

"Lies! Big Lies!"

Not so fast, my friend; for if you would see the strong, healthy, blooming men, women and children that have been raised from beds of sickness, suffering and almost death, by the use of Hop Bitters, you would say, "Truth, glorious truth." See "Truths," in another column.

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Why are fat people always complaining? asks some one who entertains the popular though erroneous notion that health is synonomous with fat. Fat people complain because they are diseased. Obesity is an abnormal condition of the system, in which the saccharine and oleaginous elements of the food are assimilated, to the partial exclusion of the muscle-forming and brain-producing elements. In proof of this, it is only necessary to assert the well-known fact that excessively fat people are never strong, and seldom distinguished for mental powers or activity. Besides, they are the easy prey of acute and epidemic diseases, and they are the frequent victims of gout, heart disease, and apoplexy. Allan's Anti-Fat is the only known remedy for this disease. It contains no acid, is absolutely harmless, and is warranted to remedy the most confirmed case of obesity, or corpulency.

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For Nervousness, Sleepless Nights.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 12, 1877.

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FEMALE WEAKNESS. Vegetine acts directly upon the causes of these complaints. It invigorates and strengthens the whole system, acts upon the secretive organs, allays inflammation, cleanses and cures ulceration, cures constipation, regulates the bowels, headache, pains in the back, etc.; in fact, there is no disease or complaint which Vegetine gives so quick relief, and is so effective in its cure, as in what is termed Female Weakness. It has never failed in one instance.

VEGETINE.

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CINCINNATI, O., April 19, 1877.

MR. H. R. STEVENS: I have suffered several years with the *Kidney Complaint*, and was induced to try Vegetine. I have taken several bottles of your preparation, and am convinced it is a valuable remedy. It has done me more good than any other medicine. I can heartily recommend it to all suffering from *Kidney Complaints*.

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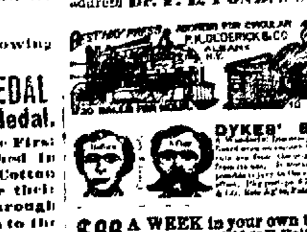

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DAILY REVIEW

Thursday Morning, November 14. 1878

BREVITIES.

Ghost Illusion.

Do not fail to go and see it.

Passenger travel is light on the railroads.

Business was quite brisk in the city yesterday,

Overcoat thieves are getting in their work in this city.

"Bro. Jake" is now wrestling with the rum fiend at Vandalia.

The handsomest young lady of Decatur is- a patron of the REVIEW.

The soul-inspiring persimmon and the luscious pawpaw now delight the rustic youth.

Remarkable bargains at C. A. Minckley's auction and commission house, Merchant street.

Curtis & Ewing, the jewelers, have placed six new and elegant show cases in their establishment.

The dam at graveyard ford is being rapidly completed. Engineer Tuttle makes things move lively.

A fine display of goods at Minckley's auction house, Merchant street.—Prices down to the very lowest notch.

The funeral of Douglas Pressal, late brakeman on the Wabash railway, was largely attended yesterday afternoon.

We acknowledge a pleasant call late last night from Prof. Edwards, whose Ghost Illusion Exhibition all should go and see.

Mrs. Mary Forney was arrested by Sheriff Forstmyer. She was indicted by the grand jury for keeping a house of ill-fame.

THE WEEKLY REVIEW is the paper in which the merchants of Decatur can reach the solid democratic farmers of Macon county.

The ladies of Janes Chapel will give a pleasant sociable next Friday night, at their church on West Main street. There should be a large attendance.

Among our most highly appreciated callers yesterday, was David Hutchinson, Esq., who is having the best of success in the practice of his profession.

Fred. J. Smith keeps on hand a large stock of cord wood, coal and feed. All goods delivered when so ordered. 14-d1w

The Ladies Christian Union of this city, are making arrangements for a series of popular lectures in this city this winter, the profits to go to the tabernacle.

A patent on guides for checkrow wires has been granted to George D. Haworth, of this city. Decatur is deservedly popular for the useful inventions of her ingenious citizens.

THE REVIEW is fast becoming popular with the live business men of Decatur. When we advertise for a firm we endeavor to make it profitable for customers. We study to please.

Go and see J. M. Stookey & Co. in their new quarters, No. 12 Merchant street. It is well arranged, and you will find a mammoth stock of books, stationery, notions, etc., at the lowest prices.

The silvery voice of the buggy auctioneer was wafted upon the breeze nearly all day yesterday. He's a rattling talker, and his gymnastic feats in testing the strength of the buggies are wonderful to behold.

The Guards had their regular weekly drill last night. They are having their Armory Hall newly calcimined preparatory to their grand opening soiree, to come off on Thanksgiving night, Thursday, Nov. 28.

Fred. Butzein, a seven year old boy, was fined $3 and costs yesterday, by Justice Curtis, for "sassing" Minnie Smith, a little girl of about the same age. This may be considered a pretty fair specimen of juvenile precocity.

The best pure cider in the market, as also the finest cider vinegar, is that manufactured by Chas. W. Aiken.—Besides he gives good measure, and sells at the lowest market price. He will be found at the corner of Broadway and East William street.

The official returns have been received at Springfield from 98 counties, and J. R. Gorin, the head of the prohibition ticket, the best man on it, and one of the best men in the state, received 371 votes. Verily, the movement don't seem to be sweeping the state like a whirlwind.

The attention of our readers is called to the card of Blenz & Danzeisen in todays impression. They are the proprietors of one of the most extensive and nicest meat markets in central Illinois, and are enterprising gentlemen. Their meats are wholesome and delicious, with low prices and full weight.

THE FOOT RACE.

The sensation of the week, in sporting circles, was the foot race at the Fair Grounds yesterday afternoon. A large crowd were there to witness the test of endurance and strength. At a few minutes past three o'clock the racers, Charles Winebrenner, of Decatur, and "Smith of Farmer City," started, and a prettier sight was never seen than the two men as they ran nearly abreast for the first three hundred yards. But here the scene changed, as Winebrenner, after shooting a little ahead, forgot to "remember Lot's wife," and looked back to see where his opponent was, whereupon Smith shot ahead like a frightened deer, the anxious crowd wilted, and the last hundred yards won the money for the "gentleman from Farmer City," who came out about three feet ahead of Winebrenner at the end of the run.

Winebrenner takes the defeat in good humor, and thinks it was all done fair and square.

We understand that the winner is a professional runner, and has run many difficult races, including one or two at the Centennial in 1876. Many doubt whether Farmer City is his home, or not, one report being that he is a St. Louis man. At any rate he is a splendid runner, at any distance, and won yesterday's race, on a fair trial, taking in the $150 which was the stake run for.

THE GHOST SHOW.—"Death," remarked the elder Mr. Weller, reflectively, "is a werry queer thing; but wot would the undertakers do without it?" Death, too, doubtless suggested the ghost show that held forth on the west side of the old square last evening. The managers and performers glided into the city yesterday, but failed to haunt or appear in any of the newspaper offices of the city. By way of an advertisement, however, a splendid brass band discoursed mournful music, that swelled and wailed upon the night air like the groans of perturbed spirits. Inside the exhibition room—in which the cheerful notes of the air-gun echoed not long since—the ghosts held high carnival for the delectation of a fair audience, and the goblin shades flitted to and fro in the most marvelous fashion. We had one of our reporters, Mr. Summers, present, and he reports this entertainment known as Prof. Edwards Ghost Illusion or Egyptian Mystery, as one of the strangest and most wonderful he has ever seen. It is worthy the patronage of all our citizens, who will make a great mistake, if they fail to see it. Exhibition, every afternoon and evening, till further notice, at the south-west corner of Old Square and West Main streets. Admission, 25 cents. Go and take your family.

STREET OPERA.—The vocal and instrumental music given by the Indian minstrels on the streets is really delightful. The melodious sounds are as pleasant to the ear as the ripples of the sunny waves of the harbors of Leghorn and Palermo, and as gentle as the breezes that blow on the vine-clad hills of the musicians' native land. Their rendition of "Listen to the Mocking Bird" is superb, and the atmosphere round about them seems to be filled with orioles and nightingales. The minstrels are well deserving of all the nickels bestowed upon them, and, reader when you hear them again, drop them in one or two.

AID PARLOR CONCERT.—A note from Mrs H. C. Johns informs us that the ladies of Decatur will give a parlor concert on Thursday evening, November 21st, in aid of the Illinois industrial school for girls. Mrs R. J. Oglesby, who is well acquainted with the school and its management, has kindly given the use of her commodious parlors for the entertainment, and sufficient musical talent has been enlisted to make occasion one of the very best amateur concerts ever given in Decatur. The object, too, is most worthy. The school is situated at South Evanston, and is at once a home and an academy for poor girls. Let our people show their appreciation of this institution by attending the coming entertainment.

OUR (?) NEW HOSPITAL.—Your correspondent very much desires that he and the public in general should know whether all patients sent to the hospital shall be under the exclusive professional charge of the doctors specified in yesterday's Republican, or will that be left to the choice of the patients, where they have a choice, or that of their friends? This answer to this will satisfy or very much displease some of us who have been active in this good work. A WORKER.

MASONIC.—Special communication of Ionic Lodge No. 312, A. F. & A. M., this evening for work in 3d degree.

By order of J. N. BAKER, W. M.
J. C. HOSTETLER, Sec'y.

IN NEW QUARTERS.—J. M. Stookey & Co. are now busily engaged in moving their elegant and extensive stock of books and stationery to No. 12 Merchant street. These gentlemen are now engaged in arranging their new and commodious storeroom in the very finest style and will be pleased to welcome their friends and customers in their new quarters. They also are making large additions to their stock, and those desiring anything in the book, stationery and fancy notion line will do well to call on those accommodating and enterprising gentlemen, J. M. Stookey & Co.

NEW YORK STORE.—We take pleasure in introducing this popular and well known establishment to the readers of the REVIEW. Lambert & Co., the proprietors, are thorough business men, and are noted for their energy, enterprise, and liberality. Their establishment, No. 18 Merchant street, is filled to overflowing with excellent seasonable dry goods, and the prices are so amazingly low that it is no wonder that the store is constantly thronged with admiring customers. A full corps of lady and gentlemen clerks are always in attendance to wait upon customers.

BE ON YOUR GUARD.—The police authorities caution citizens to be on their guard against the depredations of burglars and footpads. There is no doubt but that Decatur, like most other towns of its size, is infested with desperate and lawless men, who are only watching for an opportunity to plunder, and who would not scruple to commit violence to accomplish their evil purposes. In this state of affairs, it might be well to remember that eternal vigilance is the price of safety.

ILLINOIS INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.—One of the noblest and best charities of the present day is the above institution, which is supported by membership fees of one dollar each, and voluntary contributions. We are gratified to learn that the ladies of our city intend, next Thursday night, to give a parlor concert at the elegant and spacious parlors of Mrs. Senator Oglesby, in aid of this charity, of which we shall say more to-morrow.

AN ENTERPRISING BUSINESS MAN.—Capt. C. A. Minckley is one of the most enterprising business men in Decatur. His auction and commission establishment on Merchant street is filled to repletion with clothing, boots and shoes, queensware and glassware; jewelry, notions, and, in short, everything usually found in a first class general store—all at most astonishing low prices, and will sell goods at auction prices. Call and see him.

TO TEACHERS.—The last examination for this year will be held at the grand jury room, Nov. 16, 1878. Applicants will do us a favor by commencing the work very early. Examination will close at 3:30 p. m.

CO. SUPT.

I SELL GENUINE SINGER SEWING MACHINES, manufactured by the Singer Mf'g Co., all statements made by unprincipled competitors to the contrary notwithstanding. GEO P BLUME,
oct2-tf Opp. Post Office.

Groceries and provisions, cheap, for cash, and exchange for wood and country produce, at

14-d1w FRED. J. SMITH'S.

One dozen oysters in any style for twenty-five cents at Woods, 22 Merchant street. d1w-w1m

Adam Kreher kills nothing but first class beef stock. Everything as warranted. No old cows sold for first class Durham steers. tf.

TRY

THE DECATUR REVIEW

It is the Only Democratic Paper in Macon County.

Its Columns are Well Filled with choice and Interesting Reading Matter, and it is one of the Best Advertising Mediums in Central Ilinois.

DAILY: 15 cents per Week.

WEEKLY: $1,50 Per Year, when paid in advance; $2,00 per year if not paid *strictly in advance.*

WM. H. BAYNE,
Editor and Publisher,
South Side Old Square, DECATUR

SHELLABARGER'S BEST FLOUR, Buckwheat Flour, Corn Meal, Potatoes, Apples, Chickens. Fresh Oysters, Fresh Fish, &c., at the OYSTER AND FISH DEPOT.
Prairie St., 5 doors east U. S. Ex. office. 1wk-3l.

NOTICE.—As I wish to retire from the jewelry business, I will sell my entire stock consisting of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, Musical Instruments, &c., at first cost, for cash only. All desiring anything in my line may be convinced that I mean what I say, by giving me a call.
J. L. KNEPER.
dtf 21 Merchant street, Decatur, Ill.

Wool mattresses, the best, at Ashby's.

Glass ware and lamps, at Ashby's.

COAL! COAL!—Anthracite and Bituminous Coal of the best qualities at the lowest living prices. Office at the Decatur Furniture Factory, where orders may be left.—Coal delivered in any part of the city.
dw6-jan1 J. H. VENNEMANN.

All kinds of heating stoves for sale or exchange, at Ashby's.

Solid Comfort Tobacco at Kepler's.

"The Queen" of the smokers, the best 5 cent cigar in the market, at Andy Kepler's.

Solid Comfort Spring Bed, at Ashby's.

Greenback smoking tobacco at A. Kepler's

A superior 10 cent cigar at Kepler's for 5 cts.

A. Kepler is the sole agent for the Continental Spring Beauty and Magnolia fine cut, and Solid Comfort, Drum Major and Golden Rule plug. Dealers can save transportation by dealing direct with him.

Queen Annie Chamber Suits at Ashby's.

Jennison has just received a large invoice of walnut clocks, the finest in the market.

STOVES, and choice Furnishing Goods for family use, of every kind and quality new and second hand at
A. A. Bishor's
dtf South-east corner New Park

When You are Looking Around for

STOVES.

CALL IN AT

LIDDLES

1 & 2 Court House Block;

And examine the large variety of

Hard Coal Heating STOVES,

Soft Coal Heating STOVES,

Wood Heating STOVES,

Coal Cooking STOVES,

Wood Cooking STOVES,

The Best Working BASE BURNERS.

No Dust! No escapement of gas.

AT VERY LOW PRICES

For Hard or Soft Money,

AT LIDDLE'S.

Court House Block.

DECATUR

Vinegar Factory.

We now manufacture and have for sale,

Pure Cider and White-wine Vinegar.

For the Trade.

We pay Cash for Hard Cider and Fallen Apples Delivered at our Factory, opposite our Brewery, on South Broadway.

Decatur, Ill.

HARPSTRITE & SHLAUDEMAN

CITY MEAT MARKET

BLENZ & DANZEISEN

PROPRIETORS.

FRESH AND SALTED MEATS of all kinds of the very best quality. We never fail to please our customers. Market, west side Old Square. Call and see us. nov13d1m

HARVEY PASCO,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Solicitor in Chancery and Notary Public.

Deeds, Mortgages, Wills, Contracts, and all kinds of Legal Instruments carefully written and Acknowledgments taken and Abstracts examined. Attention given to Probate business, War Claims, and all matters arising under the State insolvent law. Collections made in all parts of the United States. Office over Bush's shoe store East Main street, Decatur, Illinois. Office open from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m. Also office at No. 42 West Wood street, open from 8 to 10 a. m.

S. J. BUMSTEAD, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

AND OCULIST AND AURIST,

Successor to J. W. Routh. DECATUR, ILL.

☞ Spectacles Scientifically Adjusted. ☜

OFFICE.—On East Main street, formerly occupied by Dr. Routh.

RESIDENCE—No. 22 West Eldorado street.

Oct. 6 1878-dwtf

I. A. BUCKINGHAM,

ATTORNEY and COUNSELOR AT LAW

Solicitor in Chancery

Office over Hildebrandt's Drug Store.

Goldburg's.

The place where the largest stock of Corsets at the lowest prices is to be found.

Goldburg's.

The place where the largest stock of Berlin Zephyrs, Shetland Wool, Germantown Yarn is to be found.

Goldburg's.

The place where worsted Dresses, Sacques, Ladies' Shawls and everything in the line of crochet goods is to be found, and made to order.

Goldburg's.

The place where notions and useful articles are to be found, cheaper than any other place in Decatur.

gm1&w **8 MERCHANT ST.**

CASH SALES

I WILL SELL FROM THIS DAY:

Black Cashmeres at	50c.	Sold in other stores at	75c
" Alpacas	20 and 30	" " "	25 and 50
" Silk Grosgrain	$1.15	" " "	$1.25
Dress goods at	20	" " "	25
" "	10	" " "	12½
Ladies' Cloaks at	4.00	" " "	5.00
Waterproof "	65	" " "	75
Red Flannel "	15	" " "	20
Bed Ticking "	20	" " "	25
Table Linen "	20 and 25	" " "	25 and 35
Jeans "	16⅔	" " "	20
Wool Yarn "	60 per lb	" "	75
Bleached Muslin at	7½	" "	8

And All Other Goods in Proportion.

Millinery Goods lower than ever. All the newest shades in Ribbons, Silks, Satins, Plushes and Velvets on hand. The

LARGEST ASSORTMENT in the CITY

CALL IN, it will repay you for doing so.

THEODORE A. GEHRMANN,
10 Merchant St.

HARD TIMES

-AND-

Bankruptcy in the East
Gives the West Cheap Goods.

ANOTHER SMASH IN PRICES!

EVERY FAMILY INTERESTED.

4,000 Yds Good Winter Dress Goods, 10c a Yd
10,000 Yds Prints, good styles, dk cols, 3 3-4c

ALL CHOICEST STYLES IN BEST MAKES EQUALLY CHEAP.

MORE BARGAINS

In CLOAKS, SHAWLS, BLANKETS, CASSIMERES, FLANNELS, JEANS, &c.
—Direct from—

The Great Forced Sales in New York.

Mr. LAMBERT, the head of our firm, who is constantly in New York, with cash in hand, watching these great sales, keeps us daily in receipt of CHOICE NEW GOODS at prices that are fairly surprising. Every buyer of Dry Goods should avail themselves of this

GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

☞ All Goods sold as advertised, and warranted as represented or money refunded.
☞ Goods shown and prices given with pleasure, and none urged to buy.
☞ Be sure you find the right place. Inquire for

LAMBERT & CO.,
POPULAR
NEW YORK STORE
NO. 18 MERCHANT-ST., DECATUR, ILL.

CAPRON THE COBBLER!

CUSTOM BOOT & SHOE MAKER.

Prairie St., Sign of

THE GILT BOOT

Next Door to Gephart's.

From this date I will make my best Morocco tongue Sewed Boot for $10. Perfect fits guaranteed, or no sale. A trial is solicited.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY DONE.

A. CAPRON.

NO. 17 KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS meet regularly every Wednesday evening at their hall, south side city park.
J. G. BUTTS, C. C.
C. M. DURFEE, R. R. S.

ATTENTION FARMERS.

For a GOOD SQUARE MEAL or a LUNCH, at the lowest possible living price, call at

MILAM'S Restaurant!

Southeast Corner Old Square,

B. B. MILAM,
Manager

Morgan Street Meat Market,

ADAM KREHER

Keeps all kinds of fresh Meat, Sausages of the best quality at the lowest cash figures.

Morgan street, between Cerr Gordo and Eldorado. Opp. D. T. Lewis' Grocery. nov9-3m

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